

# AGE OF PROGRESS

The development of Spiritual Truth is the achievement of human freedom.

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WHOLE No. 95.

## Religious Education.

It is not probable that there are many millions of children in the world, who do not receive religious education, of some kind, by some means. In most christian communities, there are schools organized for that purpose. These institutions are organized and supported principally by sectarian zeal. The spirit of religious propagandism, stimulates the sects to look ahead and provide for the time to come, by implanting, in the receptive minds of childhood and youth, the seeds of those religious dogmas which will grow with their growth and mature with their maturity. These religious germs take root and grow more or less luxuriently, according to the docility of the young mind, and to the degree of respect and affection inspired by teachers.

Every child who has a father who is entitled to rank any considerable number of degrees above brutality, will necessarily conceive such affection and respect for him as will place him far above all others, in its estimation of qualities. It will believe him to be the most powerful man in the world, because he can handle its little self so easily; and it will be certain that he knows more than any body else, because his knowledge is beyond its comprehension. Hence, what he teaches is received as unquestionable truth; and the young mind gives itself no trouble about probabilities or improbabilities—reasonableness or absurdity; nor will it ever, in one case in a thousand, think of looking into and questioning the philosophy of those early teachings, even after arriving at manhood, unless stimulated thereto by minds naturally inquiring, individualized and self-reliant.

Hence it is that Hindoo children will stand by the artisan and see him manufacture, from wood, stone or clay, an image of Vishnu, and then worship it as a God during life, believing it to possess intelligence and power to rule the destinies of men. So with the children of all unenlightened, barbarous and savage nations. However gross and palpable the religious absurdity may seem to enlightened minds, they have no conception that there can be any absurdity, error or wrong about it. Indeed, men who are otherwise sagacious, who have been thus taught from childhood, will go to work and make Gods with their own hands, and then get down on their knees and beg them to interpose their deific power between them and some dreaded evil, which they might avoid by proper caution; and if the evil prayed against still come, they attribute it to the displeasure of the thing they have manufactured, for the want of more ardent zeal in their devotion. So generation after generation comes upon the stage and passes off, in blank philosophical and religious ignorance, entering the next state of existence mere pygmean souls, to grovel for centuries and centuries, before they get fairly started in the march of progression. So little are men in advance of the brute creation, whose minds, from youth to manhood, are kept stultified by false and degrading theological teachings.

Leaving those countries and nations where Gods are manufactured of wood, metal, stone and clay, and worshipped by ever-

living souls, let us enter Christendom, and see what kinds of religious teachings young humanity receives there. Not far from one-half of the population of Christendom profess the Roman Catholic faith; and much more than half of the active religious worshippers are adherents to that "mother of harlots," righteously so called, as she has given birth to a numerous offspring of dissenters, who have inherited most of the religious and philosophical absurdities, and all the moral corruptions, of their thoroughly polluted mother. This majority of so-called christian worshippers, make their religious faith the most essential part of the education of their children, introducing it into all the schools in which children receive instructions in the ordinary branches of education, besides inculcating it in all their lessons of parental instruction, and establishing schools and seminaries innumerable, for that purpose exclusively.

In all these schools and teachings, children are instructed to believe that there is an omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent being, who was the creator of all worlds and all beings: that he created them out of nothing, by his power: that he created man, to be the ruler, under him, of his creatures: that he created a devil to tempt his human children to disobey his laws: that he created a hell of unbounded dimensions, which he filled with fire and brimstone, in which he intended to burn, eternally, the souls and resurrected bodies of those children who should be lured from their allegiance to him, by the temptations of the devil, as he intended they should, and knew they would: that he constructed a kind of ante-room to the hell which he prepared, which is denominated purgatory, into which all human souls go, on leaving their bodies, but from which their priests have power to rescue them, by their prayers and ceremonies, if their surviving friends can furnish whatever sum of money the officiating priest thinks proper to demand; and, if not, the suffering soul passes from this ante-room, to the main body of hell, where no means of redemption can ever reach him. And this, they are taught, is to be the fate of the entire human family, without the intervention of the clergy, who hold the keys of heaven and hell, and can save souls by their friendly offices, or damn them by withholding them, at their discretion.

They are taught, that the manner in which the clergy derived the authority to hold the keys of heaven and hell, and to dispense salvation and damnation, according to the merits and demerits of human souls, or according to the abilities of their surviving friends to ransom them with money, was as follows: After the devil succeeded in seducing the first pair whom God created and placed in the garden of Eden, and induced them to eat of the fruit which God had forbidden them to touch, on pain of death, He—God—was sorry for the fate of eternal misery to which he had doomed them and their entire posterity, in all coming generations, and he determined to devise a plan whereby they might be saved. This plan was, to cause a virgin to bear a son, without connection with man, which said son of the virgin should be his—God's—own son; that he should have the sins of Adam and Eve and their



whole posterity piled upon him, and that he should be sacrificed as their proxy, representative or substitute, whereby they should be redeemed from the curse which he had pronounced against them, and have salvation placed in the custody of a priesthood, to be dealt out to them on such conditions as they—the priesthood—should deem expedient and proper, taking care to make it a source of pecuniary revenue, sufficient to sustain the said priesthood, in numerical force, competent to dispense salvation to all such applicants as they might deem entitled to it, or as might be enabled to purchase a title to it, and thus protect themselves from the imposition of duties which would be individually onerous.

They are taught, and are compelled to admit and pretend to believe, and, in most cases, do verily believe, that the child Jesus, whose ante-nuptial nativity, but for the story of his divine paternity, would have subjected his mother to the penalty of death, by the Jewish law, was the son of God, as above alluded to, both spiritually and physically. They are taught that he was not only the son of God, but that he was God himself—that he was his own father and his own son. They are taught that Mary, the mother of Jesus, is to be regarded and worshipped as the mother of Almighty God; and so she is regarded, addressed and worshipped, by more than half of the active christian worshippers in the world. They are taught to believe that this Mary, like her son, had no mortal paternity; that her mother was still a virgin, at her birth, and became the grand mother of God Almighty; in consequence of which she is to be regarded as a deity, and is entitled to divine honors and adoration. It was for the establishment of this before uncanonized or unsanctioned dogma of the Romish church, that a very numerous convocation of prelates were called to Rome, not many months since, by his holiness, pope Pius IX.

All this, more than one-half of the children who receive systematized religious instruction, in christendom, are taught to believe, and are compelled to accept as truth. And, in the details of the faith which is inculcated in their young minds, there are many other things which are as derogatory to the human character, and as stultifying to the young mind as any thing taught by Hindoo priests or fathers. They are taught that the laity have no necessity to look to God, angels of spirits, for forgiveness of sins, for protection against temptations, or for inspiration, but that the priesthood is their ultimate of authority and recourse; they being regarded as the mediators between humanity and Jesus and his mother, whom they, the priesthood, recognize, worship and appeal to, as God conjoint, and Gods individually, and whom they claim to represent in their religious ministrations. They are taught that it is obligatory upon every lay member of that church, to visit some priest at least as often as once in a prescribed interval, confess to him all their transgressions, and bring with them money to pay for absolution, which they can receive from the said priest—he pretending to receive power from God, Jesus or Mary, to remit sins on payment of the required fee for the support of the church. Hence, if a member of that church, fully believing in the tenets taught by the clergy, have a spite against his neighbor and feel like poisoning his cattle or setting his buildings on fire, he has only to make up his mind to confess it to the priest and pay a smart fee, and the crime is wiped out, so that, if he die the next hour, he is equal, in purity, to any human spirit whose countenance contributes to the brightness of the celestial regions.

They are taught to believe that the priest has the power of transubstantiation, whereby he can convert a crumb of bread, or a

wafer, made of wheat flour and water, into the veritable and identical substance which composed the physical body of Jesus, and that, to eat such bits of his body, thus produced by transubstantiation, is absolutely necessary to the salvation of souls from eternal misery. They are taught that it is an act of devotion, acceptable to God, and contributive to the safety of the soul, to kneel before two little pieces of wood, fastened to each other in the form of the cross on which Jesus was executed, there repeating prescribed orisons, addressed to the virgin mother, or counting beads as a substitute for prayer. They are taught that, in a storm at sea, or in any other imminent danger, there is safety to the faithful papist, in holding in his hand a little cross or crucifix, constructed in the manner above named, and kissing it. And all this is practised continually, by a majority of the active religionists in Christendom, in the latter part of the nineteenth century. And what must make the hosts of heaven groan for the blindness of mole-eyed humanity, those whose minds are thus besotted with ignorance and veiled in religious darkness, are constantly sending their missionaries, at great expense, to the opposite side of the globe, to induce idolatrous heathens to embrace the religion which we have been describing, and discontinue the worship of that most apt representative of a beneficent God, the glorious orb of day!

And how much better are the teachings of orthodox protestants? What opportunities do their teachings give for young minds to open, to grow, to expand, to look abroad through the domain of nature, to read her great volume of self-evident truths, to unfold the mysteries of science, and to become acquainted with the philosophy of matter, mind, God and his government? It is true that, in many respects, Protestantism is an improvement upon Roman Catholicism. It allows men and women to look to heaven for blessings and for inspiration, instead of looking to the clergy, as the papists are compelled to do. Protestants are not compelled to go to a priest, once a week, to confess their sins, and to pay him a fee for absolution, as the papists are compelled or required to do. Protestants have not encouragement held out to them, that if they commit petit larceny, grand larceny, burglary, highway robbery, arson, or murder, they can have the record of the crime obliterated, in the court of heaven, by confession made and fee paid to the priest, and be as sinless and pure as a new-born babe; as Romanism teaches its adherents. Protestants are not taught to pray to Mary, as God's mother, nor to the mother of Mary, as God's grand mother, as papists are required to do. Protestant Bishops do not pretend to sell indulgences to commit high crimes, to raise a revenue, as heads of the Roman Catholic church have done, in days past. In all else that we now think of, the children of orthodox christian sects receive religious teachings as absurd, as demoralizing, as derogatory to the Father of all spirits, as unphilosophical, as prejudicial to the expansion of mind, the cultivation of genius and the growth of the soul, as the children of papists.

There is frequently a distinction made between a moral and a religious education; but this, though we ourselves might seem to recognize such distinction, in writing carelessly, "is a distinction without a difference." Morality is the most essential part of religion. Indeed, without it, religion has no vitality. Morality comprises all the social duties—all the duties which man owes to man; in the faithful and willing discharge of which, consists nearly his whole duty to God. Keeping this in view, we shall be better able to appreciate the defects of the religious education received by Protestant christians. And here let us observe that no parents



or teachers may flatter themselves that they have taught nothing but what they have particularly expressed in precepts. Every word and every action, even every motion, gesture and manifested emotion, is parcel of the child's education. As we have remarked, the child believes its parents to be wiser and better than any body else, because it loves them more than it does any body else; and, though it may be blinded, love always seeks goodness, wisdom and purity to act upon.

When children see or hear manifestations of anger toward each other, by those who have charge of their minds, they will cherish the feeling and copy the manifestation, whenever an occasion occurs. If a child hear a falsehood told, knowing it to be such, it is a lesson which will not escape its observation nor its imitative practice, under like circumstances. The most trivial act of dishonesty, by governing minds, in the presence of children under their tutelage, is a practical contradiction of preceptive inculcations of punctilious honesty, and is regarded by them as an admission that the lessons they receive, enjoining strict regard to the law of *meum* and *uum*, are more formal than essential. The tongue may teach very morally, wisely and truly; but the hands and the general deportment of the teacher must follow with their sanction, or the mere verbal lessons will be as useless as records made in the sea-beach sand.

The Bible is placed in the hands of children, by Protestant parents and teachers; and they are instructed that its whole contents is the word of God. They are further instructed that God, who is the author of that book, is good and pure and holy, and must be loved by them, with all their hearts, and imitated by them, in all his qualities and characteristics, as far as practicable. They read, and find that God gets angry every day; and this, of course, they have as good a right to imitate as any other characteristic of his.

They read on, and find that he promised Adam and Eve that if they ate of the fruit of a tree, in the garden of Eden, which he forbade them to eat of, they should surely die on the same day; but as they still read on, they find that, notwithstanding the injunction and the denounced penalty, they did pilfer and eat some of the forbidden fruit, at the instigation of a confabulating ophidian who told them that they should not surely die, if they ate of it.

They read on, and find that the offenders did not die, as God said they would, but continued to live, as the snake said they would; and they found that he who was recommended to them as supreme in wisdom and goodness, told a falsehood, and that a speaking reptile, who was represented to be the worst of all creatures, told the truth.

They read on, and find that the God whom they are to love and imitate, adopted the Jewish nation as his chosen people, to whom he was partial, loving them and caring for them above all others, although he was the common father of all humanity; and they find that he continually influenced, instigated and urged them to war against other nations, going before them and fighting on their side; sometimes directing them to slaughter, indiscriminately, men, women and children, and possess themselves of their lands and properties of every kind.

They read on, and find that the God whom they are required to adore and imitate, did what he saw cause to repent of; and, in his chagrin for the failure of an expected result, he turned around and destroyed what he had produced; thus acknowledging that

his knowledge, wisdom and power were finite and not infinite, and, hence, that he was no such omnipotent and omniscient God as he was represented to be.

They read on, and find that the same God is subject to fits of extreme irritability, in one of which he determined to destroy his favorite people, but was prevented by the cool philosophy of a man, who showed him his error, and he confessed it, and changed his mind.

They read on, and find that their patron and pattern deity, whilst laying his plans to extricate his chosen people from Egyptian bondage, counselled the Jewish women to borrow all the jewelry they could, of the Egyptian women, and run away with it; and he would aid them in the fraud, by inspiring the Egyptian women with favorable sentiments toward them.

They read on, and find that he gave his favorite people many laws for their government; among which there was one which said: "Ye shall not eat of anything that dieth of itself: thou shalt give it unto the stranger that is in thy gates, that he may eat it; or thou mayest sell it unto an alien." And they still read on and find still more and more, not only ungodlike but inhuman characteristics in the God whom they are taught to love, serve and emulate; and in them they find sanctions for every moral abomination that depraved humanity ever thought of.

Now, the Roman Catholic priesthood do not allow children, under their tuition, to read the Bible, nor even grown persons, excepting their peculiar version of it; nor do they desire that the people under their religious guidance, should read anything of a religious nature, but some ritual, prepared by themselves. Nor need they, as long as they agree that the clergy shall have all the care of their consciences and their souls. Protestants, on the contrary, insist that all shall read the Bible, from the oldest to the youngest; and they do read it and hear it read; and this is the reason why nine-tenths of them are atheists, materialists, annihilationists. They read and are taught of such a God as the one of Jewish history and orthodox theology; but when their minds emerge from the atmosphere of their pupillage, and arrive at thinking maturity, it is impossible for them—if not natural dullards—to entertain an idea of the existence of a Ruler of the universe, who is an amalgam of infinite and finite, deific and demoniac attributes and characteristics. Necessarily rejecting the God which their inculcated religious faith presents them, they let immortality go with him, and, according to their estimation of happiness, make the most of the life they have, whilst it lasts. And who, that possesses a soul above pigmean stature, will presume to deny that this is a thousand times more rational philosophy, than that of either papish or protestant christianity, as known by the teachings above set forth? With the atheist, we say, rather than such a God, give us none. Rather than exist eternally, with such a universal Father, give us annihilation.

Thank God and His angels, the day of redemption from such religious teachings as young humanity has been cursed withal, since the days of Constantine, is dawning. Its upshooting coruscations, like lambent flames, are even now licking the zenith; and the black pall of intellectual and spiritual darkness, which, for so many centuries, has enshrouded the souls of humanity, is giving way in many places, and getting thinner all over. Courage! hopeful ones—it will soon be broad daylight, and the sun of eternal truth will pour its flood of unclouded glory upon a redeemed world.



### The Tyranny of the Church.

The following correspondence presents another case of religious bigotry, intolerance, tyranny and persecution, in which orthodoxy uncovers its unlovely features, and manifests its disposition to crush even the widow and the fatherless, for daring to listen to the teachings of ministering angels, in preference to those antiquated and fallacious dogmas which have come, whole and unanalyzed, from ancient paganism, Judaism and Romanism, down through the dark ages, to the dark minds of the present generation. Let the fell spirit of religious persecution show its malignant countenance and bloody hands. They prove that the spirit of sympathy is not there—that the spirit of love is not there—that the spirit of liberality and toleration is not there—that the spirit of Christ is not there; and they are as true exponents of the difference between truth and error, and as truly identify each, as their opposites could. As the devil of the orthodox is known by his cloven foot, so is the spirit of antichrist, in the soul of orthodoxy, made plainly manifest by the malignity with which it persecutes liberalized religious sentiment.

Let the reader compare the all-knowing dogmatism, the sufficiency of holiness, the supercilious bearing and the harshly-chilling tone of the brace of *admonishers*, deputed by the church to harrow the feelings of a worthy and unoffending sister, with the language of love, resignation and meekness which flow from the soul of her upon whom they are set, as the blood-hounds of orthodoxy, and the difference between the spirits which actuate the parties, may be easily estimated. And from this difference, a proximate idea may be derived, of the difference between the two religious faiths which they embrace.

CLINTON, July, 1856.

MR. ALBRO:—Sir: How true, though trite, the remark, that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. As corroborative of this fact, I will relate some things that have been, and are, transpiring in this place. Some seven years ago, the late Prof. CATLIN, of Hamilton College, died, leaving a widow, (an educated and highly respected woman,) with eight small children, to meet the conflicting elements of life, unaided and alone. How faithfully and untiringly she has performed the duties of a mother, thus conditioned, this community will unanimously testify. Being a most sensitive and affectionate wife, her bereavement lay like a *pall* upon her spirit, and she sorrowed as one without hope.

Nearly two years ago, on the anniversary of her husband's decease, a fresh wound seemed to be opened—the fountain of her sorrow again gushed forth, and tears flowed afresh. At this period, in a most wonderful and unmistakable manner, he manifested himself to her, assuring her that he was *not dead*, but still lived, and was ever with her, to comfort and counsel—to aid her in the arduous task of guiding their dear children to an elevated home in the skies. At such an announcement, well might her soul leap for joy. Her long-lost friend had returned; and in her ecstasy, which was, at times great, she could only say, "Lord, 'tis enough."

She sent for her Pastor to tell him what great things had been done for her—how old things had passed away, and all had become new.—The world was under her feet, and heaven open to her view. She told him her great enlargement of heart—how she loved God and the family of man, and felt that she would live no more for self, but for human kind. Instead of joying in her joy, as a man of God should have done, he turned with an iron look upon her, and austere remarked: "Madam, it is a great delusion—a humbug!" and departed.

The news soon spread like wild-fire, that Mrs. CATLIN, a member of the Congregational church, was what? a thief? a murderer? No, but a Spiritualist! From that day they sought to find some cause of accusation against her; but she has been so faithful, in the discharge

of all her christian duties, that their search was vain, until a circumstance occurred last winter, in this wise: She received an invitation to spend the Sabbath and attend meeting in a village, six miles distant. On Saturday afternoon, a neighbor who was going with his family, kindly invited her to ride with him. A severe snow storm set in, on the Sabbath, and they deemed it necessary to start for home before dark, which they accordingly did, and reached home about dusk. It happened to be communion, on that day. In what the offense consisted, I am unable to say; but it was enough—she was soon visited by Deacon and Pastor, and the initiatory steps were taken towards her expulsion from the church. Two letters of "admonition" were sent her; and her case was brought before a meeting of the church. She attended, and arose and plead her own cause. After proceeding thus far, the sentiment of the community seemed to rebound upon their own heads, and they left her thus, for months, hanging by a hair.

Feeling tired of this suspense, she prepared a letter, and on a preparatory lecture occasion, attended. After the benediction was pronounced she craved the privilege of reading it, together with those she had received, to the audience. She stepped into the aisle and commenced reading. The Pastor became very restless, and soon took a *side cut* and left the house; a deacon followed, with some others. But the mass remained, like brethren, and heard her through. At the close, she remarked: "Now I have done my part; and all I ask of you is, that you *finish the work* you have begun." So you see the ushering in of that day when *one* shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.

Thus has this lone widow been *chased* like a deer upon the mountains. All manner of evil has been said against her falsely, for the truth's sake. But although she has been in the lion's den, they have not devoured her. She has passed through the fire, but it has not burned her. And she stands to-day before this community, *burnished, purified, elevated*—as a light placed upon a hill, that can not be hid. O, how little do these self-deceived brethren realize the sayings of the book which they profess so loudly to worship. "Whosoever offends *one* of these little ones that believe in me, it were better that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea," &c. And "I will avenge the widow and the fatherless when they cry unto me." What retributions of conscience await those who persecute the innocent without cause, when the purity and love of the upper spheres shall burst upon their opening minds! Neither will they believe the declarations of Christ, that he would come the second time, in the hearts of his people, with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon the earth.

I have written more than I intended, but justice to this persecuted sister required thus much at my hands. I enclose you the three letters alluded to. If in any measure they can subserve the interest of this blessed cause, you are at liberty to use them.

Yours for Truth and Progress,

DELIA AVERY.

FIRST LETTER OF ADMONITION.

CLINTON, April 10, 1856.

MRS. P. H. CATLIN:

Madam:—After the interview before the church yesterday, the church conferred in reference to your case. It was determined to be necessary and proper to *admonish* you with regard to your present religious views; and we were appointed a Committee in behalf of the church, to perform this duty. We do, therefore, in the name of this Church of Christ, to which you belong, with all Christian kindness and solemnity, *admonish* you of the error in faith which you have already adopted, and of their very dangerous and evil tendency. The idea of communications with the dead, is a sad delusion. The practice of holding such pretended communications is contrary to the word of God; the persons who engage in these things are either impostors and deceivers themselves, or are deceived by others or their own vain imaginations. The whole thing, we must repeat to you, is a miserable



delusion. The tendency of these things also, is towards an abandonment of the scriptures, and the substitution of these follies for the infallible teachings of the Divine word; and if you have not gone so far, as yet, it is only because you have not followed out your guides.

The religious feelings which you suppose yourself now to enjoy, we fear are also delusive. If they are the fruit of the pretended revelations, then they are not the fruit of the spirit of God, and of the knowledge of his holy word. Just so far as they come from the influence of necromancy, they are false and vain. Let us remind you, that even "satan may be transformed into an angel of light," to deceive men, and that it is foretold that "some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron." We fear, Mrs. CATLIN, that you are falling under the influence of these false and deceitful teachers; and that however high your present religious experience may seem, you will be led entirely astray from the faith, and make shipwreck of your hope by their means.

We therefore, in the name of the Church of Christ, warn you against these things. We assure you that we, and the whole church as we are sure, are influenced only by Christian kindness, and a sincere desire for your welfare, and by a sense of duty. We beg you to abandon, at once, all familiarity with pretended spirits, and with pretended mediums; to leave the associations of persons who, as you know avow doctrines opposed to the Bible, and to what you have professed. We ask you to look to the word of God, and to this alone, as your rule of faith; to rely only upon what it teaches for your guide and hope; to trust only in the precious Savior whom it reveals, and in the Divine providence it makes known to us. We beg you to give up folly and enthusiasm, and all that is mere delusion or fanaticism, and to give up the company of the irreligious, and of those who reject or depreciate the Bible.

If God should give you grace to do this, and enlighten you by his Holy Spirit, in regard to your unhappy errors, we should be glad to welcome you again to our fellowship, as a member of the Church of Christ. For the church,

ROBT. G. VERMILYE, } Committee.  
A. D. GRIDLEY, }

#### SECOND LETTER OF ADMONITION.

CLINTON, May 9, 1856.

MRS. P. H. CATLIN:

Madam:—It is our duty to announce to you, in behalf of the church, that a *second* admonition was *voted*, a few days since, to be sent to you. We do therefore, with all Christian kindness, again admonish you of the error of Spiritualism, into which you have fallen. We hold the belief in communications from the spirits of the dead, to be contrary to scripture, to be useless, and altogether dangerous. It tends almost certainly, to lead one away from the ordinances of the Gospel, and the truths of the Bible, and to make something else of more importance than these.

We refer you again, to our former letter; and express the hope that you may yet see the folly and sin and danger of this delusion, and abandon it. It would give us great pleasure, if the church, in any way, can assist you in escaping from it.

In behalf of the church,

ROBT. G. VERMILYE,  
A. D. GRIDLEY.

#### MRS. CATLIN'S LETTER OF JUSTIFICATION.

Brethren and Sisters:

We are all travelling, professedly, towards a better country—a heavenly; and though the way is straight and narrow, yet the experience of each individual is as varied as the situations and circumstances by which they are surrounded in life.

Many pass through the spiritual life, calmly and serenely, scarce a breeze ever disturbs their repose. From this extreme of spiritual quietude, all along the gradations, to the other extreme, where the elements of spiritual strife produce one wild scene of commotion, each subserves some wise purpose, known only to the Infinite One, who

controls all things. I feel that my experience is, and has been, during two years, one of strong hopes and distracting fears. Some times the floods have overwhelmed me; again He has raised me up on the highest billows. I have been thus tossed, to show the inability of human aid, in trials of the soul. Kind, loving friends can place a chart before me, but God guides the helm. "Other refuge have I none." Though in this strife the frail bark should be wrecked, the precious soul which belongs to God, He will claim, and neither the winds nor the waves can destroy or detain it.

If God uses me to accomplish His purposes, of what consequence is this body? Those whom He loves, He places in situations of trust, the most trying and dangerous. Shall I betray that trust? No, rather will I suffer every joint in my body to be dismembered. I can not be a Judas. Peter I will not be. I prefer to be the poor Magdalen, weeping at the tomb.

The cases have been rare in which any member of this church has submitted to discipline, other than for improprieties. None have ever, in the history of this church, been arraigned before its tribunal for the crime specified in the charge against me, which is a belief in the *communion of angels*, or in other words, *Spiritualism*.

Happy am I to suffer in such a cause; a cause fully sanctioned by the Bible. I praise and adore Him whose I am, and whom I serve, that I am counted worthy to be such a sacrifice; that I can offer myself without reserve, as the *first fruits*; an incense which shall come up before the Lord as a sweet smelling savor, acceptable to Him. In doing this, I consecrate myself wholly and entirely to His service, in whatever capacity He shall employ me. Whether I shall teach His overflowing love, to those who know it not, or minister to the destitute, in every way the Savior taught, as I may have opportunity, I feel confident that, as my desires increase to serve others, and through them God, my capacities shall also increase, and the means be placed in my hands, as I shall require them. I henceforth, through His strength, live only in Him, and for him; believing that if we seek, in all things, the glory of God, all things needful shall be added.—Though no table on earth shall henceforth invite my soul to its precious repast, I know the *Master of the feast* hath an abundance of bread which perisheth not, and wine well refined, and He invites all who love Him, even those for whom the churches have no room, to come and partake freely, without money and without price. To this great feast I shall repair and never satiate.

Though our paths, at this point, separate, and the tall trees and foliage intervene and hide us from each other, yet you may sometimes hear my voice, and, by this know that no great distance separates us. I soon hope to meet my brethren and sisters in that City, towards which we are all journeying, where there is no strife; where all is love and peace, ecstasy and joy, forever. Farewell.

PHILENA H. CATLIN.

#### Lecture by E. C. Dayton.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

If from the blessed realms of light,  
Love may still own its mortal birth—  
May mitigate affliction's night,  
Thou shalt not pine for love on earth.

Are no pure reflections caught from heavenly love? Are angel's lips mute—have their souls no songs that, in the summer day of youth, keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling, to bring back to the loved of earth? As the young bud's dewy fold flings music on the air, or when the stars are burning on high or careering along the vast sky, so doth strange music, from angel breathings, linger round the heart. And when some proud orb gilds the yielding wave, and sinks gloriously to its ocean sleep, so doth the rich voiced choir of heaven, whose tones are sweeter than the music of the lute, or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush so thrillingly from the human soul, send its merry chant back to earth, hoping some wanderer may trace its notes, which extend from heaven to heaven, from soul to soul.



God's arm upholds creation—the withered leaf, the naked bough, the hurrying waves, the sea shore and the human soul, alike feel his embrace, and in silence through the vast profound, is encircled his majestic being. The soul of man may retire beneath the curtain of the drooping lid of change, to hide itself from external sight forever; yet the last glance of love, how tenderly it falls upon the loved heart of earth; and full well the angels know the value of those holy charities which refuge the human soul from selfishness. The asperations of mind are reared in sunshine, blasted in the storm of changing time; and they come and go like vegetable forms; and yet, unsaddened by decay, sweetly speak with their tones of truth, swell the heart with emotions of joy or pleasure, and onward the bark of life steers, till it crosses the tide, shoots into port, and there forever and ever securely rides. And what an untried eternity exists for mind there. When the first tuneful anthem fills the morning air of its immortality, when the music-breathing heart-devotion wakes from every chord, and with bright inspiration touches the high and gifted lyre of heavenly song, and warms the soul with new vitality, and a stirring energy through its nature breathes, and as the morning stars sing sweetly together, as the moon at midnight hangs in the midsky, and as day and night harmonize, so doth all become a living voice of eloquent worship to God, for such beneficence. And yet we stop to ask what is man's gratitude to his Maker. Above him are heard the melody of winds, as the green leaves bow to their quivering touch, in living beauty, and below him glides the widely wandering rivulet, as it struggles and gushes amongst the weeds of its own bosom, as their tangled roots check its flowing waters and even its listless wave, that steals with mellow voice where weeds grow rank on its bank, all wakes the chords of feeling and mellows the soul to beauty; and yet, for all these creations of a high omnipotent, what is man's gratitude?

When morning or evening is in his heart, Deity is there. Or, in the moonlight, when the gentle wave kisses, with sweet embrace, the seaworn beach, God is there. As the flower a thousand sweets discloses, and in the air strives to hide its modest charms, so doth mind, in the brightness of its own capacities, hide its charities; and man's gratitude to God is to scoff at the sympathy of his own soul, and make mock of the divinity within, and how deadened are his affections to the universal love that is seen and realized in the fair and nobly beautiful revelations of nature.

The hand of God has written legibly, in the volume of the soul, his laws—the infinite variety of power and the undimmed beauty of heaven. Ages have witnessed the devoted trust of hovering angels, unchanged and unchanging; and the chorus of eternal love ever enriches the universe, while, from the dazzling points that go back far, far into eternity, come winged particles of living light, and through the profound heaven, untraveled by thought, make their home, expanding from the humblest globe, amid the giant glories of the sky, and become a living world, an unexhausted universe, to wheel its course forever on through eternity.

There is a quiet spirit, a tender, impassioned voice, that fills the avenues of thought and dispenses those wide-involving shadows of care; and the human soul is like a proud ship, eager to be free. Its fluttering sails pant to be on their flight; and it moves in silent grandeur, cleaving its majestic path through the flood, as if it were the Goddess of the deep, and makes its path upon the wayward waste, and can find a way where all is trackless, and compel the winds to lend their untamed wings and bear it on to distant climes. Unconscious of his own high sublimity, the thinking man shrinks back into himself, 'mid the vastness of earth, even, and loses himself in the mysteries of his own being. His life is a sea as fathomless as wide; yet sometimes calm and beautiful. The light of heaven smiles on it, and 'tis decked with every hue of glory and joy. Anon dark clouds arise; contending winds of fated destiny go forth, and hope oft sits weeping over a general wreck. Then let man dare the threatening storm, and make nature's religion his guide; and though it trembles 'mid the scenes of life, yet it points to light in heaven. The long sealed-up sky of truth is

breaking forth, and the simplest heart cannot resist the influence of that invisible breath, that sways the world in majesty.

The delicate forest flower, which with its scented breath looks so like a smile, seems, as it issues from its shapeless mould, an emanation of the indwelling life—a visible token of the upholding love that fills the universe. If the human heart is sick and has known enough of the sorrows of life, if it would but seek the scenes of nature, and partake of that deep contentment that pervades its presence, how soon the heart would revive, and how soon though it be prostrated, would it respond in native silence and beauty to the voice and glory of nature. Yet if you wed misery with guilt, or if sorrow leaves its traces on the heart, and it seek the world for sustenance, it cannot be found, and the wound grows deeper and deeper; but if nature alone be found, the soul can drink from its fountains the waters of life, and leave unheeded the hardships of earth.

Nature never changes, save in its evolving processes; for the same breeze that cooled the warm and youthful brow, breathes the same freshness on the wrinkles of to-day; and as the sun of life sinks to rest behind the cloud of humanity, to rise only again in heaven, its golden sunlight sends its brilliancies back to the world below, awaking all to life and motion, like unseen spirits sent to bear heaven's perfume to the ocean of humanity, as broad and beautiful it shines, quickened by some spiritual breath, whilst its very music seems to dance to music whispered by God.

Nature's brow, the light of thought, is like an angel's diadem, as genius, like a living flame, burns from its inner soul, and the fires of inspiration come as prompters to man's dreams of heaven. The fall of waters, the fountain's gush, the sigh of winds, the music heard in leaf and flower at even-tide, the loved sunset sky, as its golden clouds, like curtains drawn to form the gorgeous canopy, all bespeak the influence of harmonious contentment. Each impulse of life chants its feeble note; and as a single cloud on the soft bosom of the air, rests, or as the drops of dew, exhaled from the flowers by the sun, chant their concord in the grand orchestra of creation, so may not the human heart be as harmonious in all its resistless impulses of hope and thought—in all its emotions of inspired feeling; and may it not, in all its passions, generated by misdirection, from a pure emotional soul, alike feel and alike realize the power and beauty of God, as does the flower or leaf?

A voice ever speaks within the soul, that 'tis immortal, and angels hymn this into the soul, and the winning harmonies of nature sing our great immortality. 'Tis heard in the moonlight; and night, wrapped in its sable robe, with silent tread, comes to us and breathes immortality in our ears; and the limitless expanse, as one vast mystic instrument, by an unseen, living hand, is touched, and its conscious chords quiver with joy, and the dying hear it. It wakes the passing soul in its transit from earth to heaven, to the limitless beauty of its own individual immortality. Let the soul feel the universal breath, and let the fresh air blow through the shut-up mansion of the soul, and let the mind learn to be a sharer of all it feels and sees. Break from the body's grasp all your spirit trances, and give to the soul, air, to your faculties. expanse, and to love, joy; yes, even in sorrow, yield thyself to all, for they'll make the heart's eternal freedom. Knock off the shackles that bind the mind; move in sympathy with God's great whole, and be like man in his primal years, a living soul—a man.

How shall the spirit of man rise and travel in thought, where lie its pure and holy regions—where passion cannot confound clear thought, and, in viewing creative causes, learn to know the hidden springs of life and not guess, in errors vain and foolish, at the laws and purposes of God. There are principles made to suit man's varied powers and raise him above the brute; and when time, to him, is a forgotten circumstance, then shall he feel the depths of God's attributes, in the capacities of his own mind. Then shall he read the power of destiny, like a talisman of love, mating his own soul with the essences of heaven. The soul, wherever it lives, longs for something higher; and it rends the rock of truth for secret fountains, and pursues the path of mysteries, so called by him, for higher evidences of his onward life. And yet



there is a gentler element; and man may breathe it with a calm unruffled soul, and drink it till his heart is infinitely pure; and this is human kindness and human happiness. 'Tis written in the book of nature, too legibly to be mistaken. It is to be content and go abroad rejoicing in the beautiful creations of eternal love. It is to love the waters and love the music of their waves, and to be glad in the gay sunshine, happy in the storm. To see and hear the unmistakable evidence of God's love, in the natural world, and from all things draw a lesson. Drink the beautiful harmony of the world; and, when sad, lean the wounded heart on God, and not mourn and pine for that which cannot be; for vain, indeed, are the wishes which reason proves to be only unrealized images of the soul, created by a desire that such should be so. Heavenly symphonies faintly steal down, and, louder as they swell, they bring the echoes of future joy, and unfold from out the bosom of Deity, the gentle emotions and impulses, born only for immortal life; and yet thousands refuse to listen to those strains of melody, out-rolling o'er the vast plain of human thought, thereby refusing the love of God. And yet is he to blame who cannot appreciate such a holy trust and infinite assurance? Methinks God would respond in the negative. Then let each heart be charitable, each toward the other; for all have some infirmities, though they may be each separately dissimilar; and every mind should be willing to be taught and willing to forgive.

Pages might be written to exhort each to be patient, gentle and forgiving; but if you fail to practise them, the pages will decay and lose the brilliancy of truth and goodness in the mildewed leaves of oblivion. The soul should unfold like the boundless heavens, and man's deeds shine like stars in the firmament. The endowments and instincts of the soul, are awakened by an Invisible Presence, and its influence ennobles and beautifies each faculty, and exalts the physical sensibilities.

The disunity prevalent in earth, is rather the result of educational conditions; but the most lovely rose cannot grow if planted in an iron vase and breathed upon by the winds of some frigid temperature; nor can a pure soul grow into loveliness and goodness, if confined in the walls of an ill-formed body, and breathed upon by the chilling incongenialities of circumstances; but the higher influences of being must pervade the soul and remove the mantle of distrust, and then will all behold white-robed angel there, whose brilliant beauties will sparkle like the crystal in the granite rock, illuminating the soul destined for a higher life.

E. C. DAYTON.

### Spiritual Lectures.

A lady medium, at Ballston Spa, sends us the following, as a specimen of a series of lectures which have been given through her, as we understand her, by the spirit of Dr. PORTER, upon the science of life, and the connection of the finite with the infinite mind:

Attraction is something you can not define; you can not see; you can not comprehend; a little something that supports every form of life; a something that lives forever; a force you feel impelling all motion and controlling all the universe. It exists independent of and before mind. Then it is anterior to mind; and mind being a higher type of matter, possesses it in its most refined form; possesses it beyond contradiction, and defies all controversy; for it would be inhuman to say mind has no attraction, or that human properties were arranged so combining, so consistent, and so harmonious, without its power.—Were you only able to present me with a particle that did not contain this property, you then might be better able to deny that spirit could, by the power of attraction, converse with its corresponding property—to deny that spirit exists independent of the life you possess. Life, of every form and combination, now surrounds you; yet you cease not to be as a self and an independent being; not one man can solve another's mind, however anxious he may become to see into its depths, or to learn his decisions or know its promptings in any one instance;

nor can you ever cease to be thus characterized, whether in the higher or lower degrees of life.

Then can you not thus arrange the thoughts with me, and see how truthfully, how naturally I appear to the mind, and how independently I manifest myself upon its attracting and invisible elements, void of form or shape to your mental sight, but possessing both, superior to any form to which I can attract the eye. Without attraction spirit could not live; it could not combine; and life would cease to be human—life would cease to have a motionary property and ultimately dissolve all mental influences that compose it. Attraction can explain all systems below or above the common range of thought; it can connect you in close communion with unknown forces; it can outlive all form and combination because it is a God-like fluid and lives co-eternal with God.

Life, then, combines one form, and that form you may denominate attraction, and become conversant with its different operations in mind, and beyond mind as you now behold it stamped with a deific countenance and upward tendency, by its Divine Nature. Divinity sits on the countenance of every individual; and its almighty influence carries conviction home, that you are of God—that you must live forever; live when fleshly exteriors are put off—live when nothing can claim a thought that you were once human; that you were once clothed in earthly beauty, and conceived the thought, whither shall I tend? for what do I live? There can be no mind but what, at some time, is lightly impressed with the idea, for what do I live. This, now realize, and delightful may be the holy reverie my spirit will stop to introduce.

For what do I live? To enjoy animal pleasures for a little time, and step into the grave, or to perfect the human property and refine my higher nature, that I may progress towards happiness; progress towards wisdom and glorify God! To live an uncertain time, without doing good, is a sin which you will never remove; it is a blot on the Divinity you possess; it demoralizes intelligence; it produces infirmity and imbecility of constitution to remain inactive. Do something for others and bend, you can, to receive thanks; they come from a grateful heart and nothing of an inspiring nature obligates the tendency towards a purity that dwells in the creating elements of every human heart.

The spirit connects the vital thoughts which etherealize and produce unknown evidence that its immortality is beyond the material condition to solve without aid. Sophistry confuses; plain reason commends you to God, while instinct, which is a spiritual property, an element of Divinity, boldly asserts its supremacy and unites harmoniously all motion between the higher mental fluids, which correspond with the spiritual properties enclosed in the human brain. Action among the Divine attributes, creates a condition, that there are many things we must learn. To know if we ourselves are competent judges, is a great thing towards investigation of little facts, of ordinary affairs, of common place occurrences; then with what competency can you claim to pronounce your opinions infallible, to contend with a power you can not define; with a power you can not realize; with a power as enduring as eternity; with a power self-evident and self-existing? Pause and ask thyself, of what am I composed? of what use is my sagacity? of what use my power to move among beings like myself? of what is my life-principle constituted?

Are you capable of telling me why such ideas are often uppermost, and demand of you an earnest as well as a serious and careful answer? Can you be thus confident you are able to step over invisible boundaries, and set yourself up a high man, competent to weigh life beyond your comprehension; when you are far from being capable to comprehend your own, clothed with elements you are not prepared to know? Are you beautifully bound, like a finished volume, every leaf in perfect unison, every fiber replete with life, and every thought a spontaneous production, on a spiritual soil—a soil inlaid with unfathomable properties—a soil cultivated by motion—a soil that possesses attributes of Deity?



# AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO . . . EDITOR.  
THOMAS GALES FORSTER,

Corresponding Editor and Agent.

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## Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

The angels who preside over and direct the operations of Spiritualism, in this city, were kind to us, last Sunday, notwithstanding that Mr. FORSTER was sick at home, and Miss SCOTT was in like condition, in an adjoining county; for they brought us two others to supply their places.

In the morning, a gentleman whose name, if we understood it rightly, is WEEKS, and who hails from Minnesota, was controlled by some spirit, who spoke, we are not prepared to say how well, as we were not present; but we can testify that he spoke with great power of utterance; for we heard the sound of his voice very clearly, in our office, twenty numbers distant.

In the afternoon and evening, we had Dr. R. T. HALLOCK, of New York. In the afternoon, he read the first chapter of Isaiah, the prominent ideas of which he used as the basis of a good, common-sense lecture, which was well received by an intelligent audience. Any one who can read the chapter appreciatingly, can better conceive what uses would be made of it, by such a mind as Dr. HALLOCK's, than we can tell them in a few brief remarks.

In the evening, the Doctor read the sixth chapter of Judges, and gave us a discourse suggested by the incidents therein recorded. He compared Gideon, as a spirit medium, with the media of this age, and showed, in a very clear and felicitous manner, how much sameness of character is presented by the media of the two ages. When the spirit approached and accosted Gideon, under the oak, Gideon, like the media of the present day, doubted his senses; and he begged the angel to give him a sign to prove that he was really talking with him. Gideon then went and prepared a substantial dinner for the angel, and brought it out to him; but, instead of eating it, the angel bade him put it on a rock, which when he did, the angel touched it with his staff, and fire came

out of the rock and consumed it. This, one would have thought, was test enough; but Gideon, like the media of this age, must have more tests; so he asked for the test of the fleece; which was given him, according to his request; but Gideon would have the test reversed, and this was granted him. So it happens at this day, with persons whom the spirits determine to have for media, on account of the qualities which they discover in them.

The evening lecture was the longer one of the two; but they were both so good that we shall not otherwise discriminate. The Doctor's style of oratory is a very pleasant one, because he seems to be so perfectly easy and careless about it. He uses the most familiar language; deals in good common sense, sound logic and genuine philosophy, and rather seems to eschew than attempt, anything like *hyfalutin* transcendentalism. The lectures were particularly pleasing to the audiences, in their grappling with first principles and sturdy facts, instead of soaring into unknown regions, after airy fancies, of which no serviceable fabric can be spun and woven. In fine, we like the Doctor's easy manner, his comprehensible matter, and his non-ear-splitting, anti-nerve-harrowing oratory. And, to finish with, we like the Doctor himself.

## "Let there be Light."

Necessity utters this mandate to every housekeeper, and to every individual who labors, reads, writes, eats or practises social amusements, in the absence of the Sun. And there is another kind of necessity, which says, with imperative voice: "Let there be *cheap* light!"

The best response that we have ever heard to this latter mandate, is in the silent voice of a fact, with which we have made ourselves acquainted. Messrs. SPAULDING and SPARKS, immediately over our office—third floor, 200 Main street, Buffalo—are agents for a newly discovered or manufactured oil, which the proprietor has christened "Sylvic Oil," and a patented lamp for burning it. Of the qualities of this oil and lamp, and the economy of using them, they wished us to speak to our readers; but we refused to do so, till we had tested them in our own way.

To this end, we took one of their lamps, full of their oil, and weighed it carefully. We then took it back to their room, which is more than equivalent to twenty feet square; placed it on the center table, and burnt it one hour by the clock. Whilst it was burning, we found, by experiment, that we could read any newspaper print, in the most remote angle of the room, without any difficulty; by which we were convinced that any number of ladies that could be comfortably seated in a room of that size, could do their finest work by that light, in whatever part of the room they might be located.

At the expiration of the hour, the light was extinguished, and we again weighed the lamp and contents, with great care, as before. The two weighings proved that there was consumed, within the hour, exactly a half ounce of oil. This oil weighs 130 ounces to the gallon. This multiplied by two, gives 260 half ounces, which is the number of hours that a gallon will burn. The oil costs, at retail, fifty cents per gallon. Supposing the lamp to be burnt four hours each evening, the year round, the cost would be \$2.80. If it be burnt six hours each evening, the annual cost would be \$4.20. We know that our data are true; and the accuracy of our calculations can be tested by any business man's mind and pencil.

We have, in our office, a single gas burner, which is said to consume five feet of gas per hour. The light produced by this burner,



is not more than equal to that afforded by the above named lamp. The gas costs thirty cents per hundred feet. This, it will be seen, makes the cost of burning it one and a half cents per hour; which, at four hours per evening, would amount, annually, to the sum of \$21.90. At six hours per evening, the amount would be \$32.85. Another advantage of the oil and lamps, over the gas—the former can be removed from room to room, or placed wherever occasion requires. They are not well fitted, however, to run about the house with; and the trouble of trimming, though small, is a drawback.

All things considered, we believe this oil, with the lamp prepared for it, affords the cheapest light in the world, excepting the light of the Sun.

We have seen a lighted torch applied to the oil, in an open dish, repeatedly; and at each time, the oil put the fire out. We think we hazard nothing in warranting that the oil is not explosive, under any circumstances.

To test the effect of cold weather upon it, we put a small vial full into a vessel of ice and water, where it stood about an hour. On taking it out, we found it as fluid as ever; no effect having been produced upon it, except a slight change of color.

#### The Spirit Pianist.

On Saturday and Monday evenings last, we accompanied Dr. HALLOCK to Miss Brooks's reception room. The first evening we called, not expecting any musical entertainment, as our visit had not been previously announced. Notwithstanding this, at the suggestion of Mr. Brooks, Fred readily agreed to amuse us as well as he could, and he not only succeeded in making the piano give forth such tones as defied mortal competition, but made the clock an actor in the drama, and did various other things to convince us of spirit power and intelligence. Among the latter, he put the end of Dr. HALLOCK's cane against the writer's back and pushed him out of his chair. At the conclusion, he invited us to come again on Monday evening, when he thought he should be enabled to do something for us still more pleasing.

We attended, according to appointment, but Fred found it too warm to do what he had intended to do. What that was, he did not choose to inform us, but will tell us at some future time.—As a substitute, he gave us another musical treat, and a treat it truly was; for we have never heard him play more artistically or better. After playing for some time, he announced, by the alphabet, that he would play a piece for the Doctor. He did so; and the Doctor considered it the best musical performance he had ever listened to. When it was finished, we asked him if he had any name for it. He replied that it was called "The Shower of Pearls."

The Doctor was much gratified with Fred's genuine French politeness, in saluting him when he first entered the room. Notwithstanding that the piano was tight closed, and the room was full of light, as the Doctor passed near the piano, he was greeted with a combination of sounds upon the wires. This was an extra phenomenon.

#### Mr. G. C. Eaton, the Healing Medium.

All persons who require the services of this gentleman, will please leave their addresses with the editor of this paper, at 200 Main street, where he will call every day. \*

#### Spiritual Communication.

H. B. STORER, OF NEW HAVEN, MEDIUM.

Steamer Ontario, Lake Ontario, }  
July 8, 1856. }

FRIEND ALBRO:—My spiritual attendants manifest a desire to communicate to you an article for your useful and original journal—your pioneer of progress; and I gladly yield to their control, and submit myself passively to their influence, although I know not yet upon what subject they purpose to write. This they will announce when they are ready, and my pencil shall faithfully trace their impressions. They say to me, let it be upon

#### CULTIVATION AND PROGRESS.

Guarded by influences which are powerful to shield from danger, the soul of man is placed in a preparatory or developing condition of existence, that it may become inured and accustomed to the succeeding conditions of its future existence, which are all ultimated from its present.

When brought into a conscious state, by taking the human organism, and becoming a living soul, the spirit of man commences a progressive existence, of which memory takes cognizance, and by the record of it is enabled to compare and judge of its past, present and future.

The first practice which it is enabled to make in the ways of humanity, is not less known to the soul in its progressed condition in the spirit world, than is its more mature action. All its weakness, its ignorance, and conceit, is known through memory, when, on the summit of retrospective vision in the spirit life, the soul desires to know by what paths it has been led unto its present position and happiness. Then will the comparison be a joyous one, calculated to arouse sentiments of praise and adoration toward the author of its existence, and tending to stimulate by encouragement to still higher attainments.

The work of progress is one carried forward through varied scenes, which minister, in their variety, to the development of all faculties of man's nature, calling into exercise his powers of attainment in every department of investigation and knowledge.

Thus, when the infant wakes to life and consciousness, in feeble helplessness, it is, by the provisions of Nature, surrounded by affectional manifestations. Parental tenderness and care meet it at the threshold of life, and prepare for it a welcome entrance into the experiences of existence. The feebleness of its infantile condition, renders it an object of sympathy, thus giving it a claim upon the care and attention of humanity, as such, even though parental care may have been, by the vicissitudes of earthly experience, taken from it.

It is, therefore, to be expected that we should find manifested in the infant, who is to be the recipient of care, an *appreciative nature*, and a disposition to return an acknowledgment of the care bestowed.—Accordingly, we find this nature thus manifesting itself, clinging closest to the parental nature, either of her who has been its mother, or of him who is its father, or of those who have been to it as such, and who have ministered to it in their place.

The weakest and most helpless, thus early manifest appreciation and *reciprocal tendency* toward those who are its benefactors; and here, in the germ of the spirit, is developed the foundation upon which the glorified structure of humanity is erected—here we discover the element in which all the progress of the spirit is made. *Reciprocity of action in the nature of the spirit*, (recognized as *sympathy* or *love*,) exists before the undeveloped mind is capable of discriminating, through the reasoning powers, who are its benefactors.

To him who condemns the human spirit as utterly depraved, and incapable of right action, this thought should commend itself to careful attention. It should not fail to recognize in the *earliest manifestation of mind*, the operation of a principle destined, through progress, to bring the soul into perfect peace and happiness, through harmony with all things kind and beneficent, more than he should fail to per-



ceive in the infantile limbs of the child, feeble and incapable of supporting the frame though they are, those pillars which, in the future man, will support the weightiest human structure.

A note appended by the medium, mentions the abrupt termination of the communication, which was occasioned by interruption; but he says the spirit has promised to continue the subject; and we are much pleased to pass the promise over to our readers, as we anticipate much acceptable and instructive teaching from it.

### Story of a Star.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

It twinkled and glittered in at the window on the child, as she lay watching it and pondering upon it, and weaving all sorts of strange fancies within her little brain as to its probable history; and it seemed, as she gazed fixedly upon it, as though it were actually laughing in huge enjoyment of her bewilderment. It winked and glittered up there so far, far off, until her eyes ached and became heavy, although sleep did not appear to weigh upon her eyelids, as she still wonderingly watched the beautiful light, shining in at her chamber window.

Twinkling and glittering, it at length began slowly and gradually to descend from its dark blue home, and seemed so be actually approaching towards her, downwards, downwards through the clear night sky! And, O wonder! as it came closer and closer, she saw that it became a starry ornament shining upon the brow of a bright angel, whose white fleecy wings cleaved the air towards the little window of her room, and who, a moment after, stood silently gazing upon her by her bedside, with a sweet smile hovering upon her lips, and a mild radiance beaming from her beautiful eyes.

And her old friend the star glittered through the little room brighter than ever, and she looked enraptured upon the angel countenance by her side, and then upon the gemmy ornament shining so lustrously above her head. She read nothing but love for her in the eyes fixed upon her, and knew that no harm could befall her from so holy and so gentle a being as was this sweet spirit of the star.

The angel spoke to her:

"Does Minna wonder at the star leaving its home in the sky, and descending to stand beside her little bed, while the hum of the surrounding city is hushed, and while the soft mantle of night has fallen upon the dim looking houses and the peaceful streets? Minna remembers the green grave that stands under the old tree near by her father's country home, beneath whose mound she has been told a sister was laid long years ago? That sister is now her own angel guardian, hovering over near her—by the crowded wayside, and by her sleeping pillow; in her hour of gleeful joy, and when her knee is bent in holy prayer. She will be always there, silently watching over her, and her voice will only be heard to approve a kindly deed or virtuous resolve, or else to warn her beseechingly from the path of evil. Her tongue will be mute to all save her she guards, and she alone will feel the sweet reward of peace which she bestows upon her. Would Minna know her name? 'Tis Conscience!"

Voices in the silent air repeated, "Conscience!" The summer winds wafted it to and fro. Whispering echoes murmured it around her.—The very moonbeams seemed to write it in lines of silver upon the wall. She never could forget it—that listening, awe struck child!

The angel spoke again:

"When my voice shall be unheeded, and my darling grows weary of her guardian's watchful love, then, and not until that hour, will she sadly turn her face away, and take her flight from her forever! Let Minna treasure this within her heart, and seek to always win the presence of her spirit friend—of her angel sister—of her conscience!"

The child raised her hands in silent prayer that this friend might never, never leave her. A brighter light seemed to shine from the twinkling star, and a sweeter smile to play upon the angel's lips as she did so.

"Minna shall look upon some of the windings of the great path of life, and let her treasure up the lesson of wisdom which is learned from these pictures of the world around about her. Come with me; fear nothing—come!"

So saying, the bright being held out her hand to Minna, and she found herself, she knew not how, flying with the fleetness of the wind through the abient air, and with no more effort than if she still reclined upon her own soft bed at home.

Midnight and darkness were around them, but the star on the angel's forehead shed a bright light on all around them, and the child saw that they were standing in a miserable room. A little boy of about her own age knelt by the side of his wretched bed, and though no sound came from his lips, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and his little heart seemed overwhelmed with some great sorrow, as it heaved in the fullness of his grief.

"He prays for his wicked father," whispered the angel. "Let us see him at this same moment and behold the effect of his child's prayer."

Midnight and darkness again wrapt all objects in obscurity, but as the radiance of the star made all things visible, a far different scene was spread out before them. They stood in an abode of luxury. Soft carpets lined the floor, and gorgeous pictures hung upon the painted walls. Great mirrors reflected back each other's light, and ornaments of costly value stood around them on every side. For a time the child gazed upon the scene with delighted eyes, but then, turning towards the spirit, she would have questioned her as to their coming thither.—The angel pointed mutely towards the door, and as she did so, the sound of a stealthy footstep was heard in the hall without. A figure whose face she could not see, enveloped as it was in some dark substance, stepped cautiously into the room, and by the light of a dark lantern looked curiously round about him.

His purpose could not be mistaken, but he turned away contemptuously from the ornaments around him, and muttering to himself in a low tone, left the apartment as noiselessly as he had entered. The angel beckoned to the child to follow, and Minna saw that he ascended the staircase in the hall, and she also saw with a shudder that he drew from his pocket a something that gleamed, and he advanced with it firmly grasped in his hand. Following closely to him, they saw that he entered a handsome chamber, and from various drawers and other receptacles which flew open at his well-skilled touch, proceeded to take articles of value and place them noiselessly in a canvas bag which he had brought for the purpose.

He ransacked everything upon which he could lay his hand, yet still appeared unsatisfied. At length he approached towards an adjoining room, and as he opened the door and threw the light of his dark lantern around, he saw that it was the sleeping-place of a child. It was a fairy-like bower, and every object suggested the innocence and purity that dwelt therein. The fleecy curtains of the little couch were like clouds encircling a slumbering cherub, and the moonlight shed a halo round its head that might be likened to rays of softened glory.

Softly, almost with reverence, the man with robbery and even murder hanging over his guilty soul, approached that the infant's couch, and looked upon it there, as it slept on in unconscious security. One little arm was extended upon the soft white coverlet, and the red lips were just parted enough to show a row of white pearls nestled away there between them. The flaxen ringlets lay like golden threads extended upon the pillow, and a smile was breaking over its face as the midnight intruder gazed spell bound upon it.

What thoughts are stealing through his mind, as he looks so steadfastly and yet so gently upon the sleeping child? Is the image of another, like even unto this—as holy and as beautiful as this, before him? Do his thoughts wander towards the little one who had so often nestled close to his heart, in the wretched home of poverty and sin wherein he dwells? Who shall know the workings of that human heart in which all good is not yet stifled!

List! The lips of the slumberer move, and as the ear of the man catches the sound of the *one* word uttered, the two invisible listeners



see that a tear trembles for a moment, and then rolls silently down his rugged cheek. It is the simple name of "father" which has fallen from the child's lips, and this is the talisman which has unlocked the closed up heart and caused the precious tears of repentance to flow in rich and bounteous floods. Minna heard the angel's voice:

"The child's prayer is answered. The untutored lisping of the infant perchance, has saved the immortal soul of that deeply erring father!—Blessed is the pure offering from the lips of innocence, and more acceptable than that which arises from altars of gold and from the midst of temples wrought in grandeur, and towering loftily towards the clouds!"

They saw that he went on his way, nor touched an article from that splendid dwelling, but left as stealthily as he had entered. Said the angel to the child:

"He goes with a resolution within his heart to strive and sin no more, and he does it for *his child's sake!*"

The veil of night appears now rent assunder. The pair are standing, still invisible, in the midst of a busy crowd. Each hurries on his way, and little heed is taken by the passers-by of a blind beggar, who stands with mutely outstretched hand imploring charity by the wayside. His locks are silvered with age, and the hand of Time has deeply lined his aged face, and touched with palsied finger the hand once nerved with the firmness of manhood. His only companion was his dog, and the creature ever and anon gently licked his master's withered hand, as though to assure him that he had yet *one* faithful friend in the helplessness of his old age. The old man patted him kindly, and murmured: "Poor Tray! poor Tray!"

A great confusion, and cries of "fire!" are heard on every side. The crowd becomes dense, and the old man is jostled and pushed this way and that, until at length he loses his feeble grasp upon the dog, who is in a moment borne with the crowd until he has lost all traces of his master. The unfortunate old man, when he found that his dog was indeed lost beyond doubt, could control his feelings no longer, and tears gathered in his sightless eyes and rolled down upon his withered cheeks.

"Why, how now, father! What's gone amiss?"

A hearty, whole-souled voice that! It is a young sailor, who has seen with pity the helpless old man standing there, and who now approaches and lays a rough but kindly hand upon his shoulder.

"Lost your dog, have you? Well, that's bad; but never mind, don't take it so to heart, for look ye, I'll get you another! So cheer up, old mate, and if you'll just make a stanchion of my arm, and give the word where to go, I'll tow you there in a jiffy!"

The young sailor gave his honest arm to the old man, and proceeded to lead him towards his home, directed by his blind companion. His open, frank countenance glowed with the satisfaction that always arises from a kindly deed, and it was a beautiful sight to watch him, as he measured his own firm step to the slow and cautious footfall of the sightless old man.

They proceeded along the street, and the angel and child followed closely on their path. Winding through dense alleys and over rotten pavements, past time-stained and tottering buildings, they at length reached a crazy wooden tenement, filled full to overflowing with poverty-stricken humanity, and here it was the old man stopped, saying here he was, at home.

"Home!" repeated the young man in a low tone. "He has not always seen such days as these, and this is but a sorry place to end them, poor old soul!" Then in a louder tone he bade him lead the way to his room, "and then," he added, "we'll see whether your old days can't be brightened up a bit."

They mounted the rotten staircase until very near the top of the building, and the old man opening a door in the darkened passage, ushered the stranger into a clean but wretchedly furnished room, where he saw with surprise that a young girl was seated sewing.

"This, sir, is my daughter," said the blind man. "My old age would

have been indeed dark and desolate had it not been lighted with the sweet sunlight of her presence. Ruth, this is a kind gentleman who has seen me safely home, for poor Tray is lost, and but for his aid I might have wandered away, no one knows where.

The young girl lifted her eyes to his face, and holding out her hand, said:

"O, sir, you have been very kind, and though we can give you nothing but thanks, you will be rewarded in the satisfaction of knowing you have done a kindly action, and God will bless you, sir, for it. Be assured he will."

He had not spoken a word since his entrance into the room, but had taken her proffered hand mechanically and stood, as in a trance, gazing upon her face.

"You have not asked the gentleman to be seated, Ruth," said the old man. "Wont you take a chair, sir?" and pointed with his staff in the direction of the seat his daughter had just arisen from, and was the only one in the room.

"Ruth!" mused his unconscious listener. "That name and that face! What dream is this which has come over me? Tell me," addressing the old man, "what is the name you bear?"

"For long years past, I have been known only as "Blind Simon," but once, when fortune smiled upon me, and the world around me was not hid as it is now in darkness, I was called Simon Tremain."

He could not see the emotion depicted on his listener's face, nor the start he gave at the name he uttered, but the young girl saw it, and looked with surprise at him. Mastering himself by an effort, as if speaking to himself, he said:

"Many years ago, I knew a youth by that name. Tremain—George Tremain, I think it was."

"Ah!" said the old man. "Did you then know my poor boy? He ran away and went to sea when but ten years old, and it was but a short time after—let me see, it must be fifteen years ago—I received a letter from the captain of a vessel saying that my unhappy boy had fallen overboard in a gale of wind and was lost. This child was then scarcely three years old, and she of course remembers nothing of it, but many a tear have we both shed over my lost boy—her unknown brother, who was drowned at sea."

There was silence in the apartment and both the young girl and her father shed tears at the recollection, while the stranger said nothing, but let them weep awhile before addressing the old man again. In a low tone, he spoke:

"There have been times known when men have fallen overboard and been given up for lost, that some stray log of timber or a fragment of wreck has proved a means of safety. There have been times known when men have been picked up providentially by a passing vessel and gone to distant countries, from whence all communications with those at home have miscarried or been lost. I knew of such a case as that, when the person was taken to the East Indies, and then after shipping as a sailor on board of the vessel that saved him, sailing for years to the very town where his relation lived and never knowing anything of their existence. He had traveled to the home of his boyhood and had been told that they had been long gone from their old habitation, and every one of them was now no longer living—all had died."

He paused for a moment and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, while the old man sat as if turned into stone and in the direction of his voice.

"Once, this same young man—he might have been about my age—arrived in port, and passing along the street, assisted an old man who had lost his dog—much as you have done, mate," he added, seeing a movement as if the old man was about to rise. "He assisted him, I say and saw him to his wretched home."

The old man had risen in great excitement, and stood with his hands stretched out before him, and trembling in every limb.

"Arrived there, he heard the story told of his own loss, and a moment after found him clasped to the heart of his sister Ruth, and of the old man who had dandled him upon his knee a little helpless child.—



Sister! father! don't you know me? O, tell me! don't you know me?"

They were all clasped close in each other's arms, and human hearts felt for a time nearly the spirit felicity of the spheres above! The old man raised his sightless eyes towards heaven, and murmured forth:—"This, my son, was dead, and is alive again, was lost, and is found.—Blessed is the name of the Lord!"

They are now seated in a loving group, and the angel and child still lingers, unwilling to leave the presence of happiness like this, when a rattling as of a chain ascending the stairs draws their attention. A scratching noise is heard at the door, and as the young girl opens it, in bounds the delighted Tray, whose instinct had been his sure guide to his old master's home. He is soon nestled lovingly down at the old man's feet, and the home group is now quite complete.

Again all was darkness. The child looked around and saw that the light of the star gleamed in the far off distance as though her companion and guide were leaving her.

"Remember," came a voice from the obscurity, which she recognized as that of her spirit friend "remember what you have this night seen, and let the lessons be treasured up within your heart. Remember, also that my eye is upon you, and my voice will be near you in the hour of trial. Farewell now, Minna, farewell! Farewell, my darling."

The voice became more and more distant, and fainter came the words—"Farewell, Minna! Farewell, Minna!" She stretched out her hand to wave it towards her departing friend, and as she did so she touched her mother's face bending over her little couch in her own well remembered room at home. The morning sun was shining brightly in at the open window, and her mother's voice was calling to her—"Minna! Minna! my darling!"

It had been all a dream; but with happy dreams like this, she felt she could have wished to dream and dream forever!

#### The World as it is.

The world is not so bad a world,  
As some would like to make it;  
Though whether good, or whether bad,  
Depends on how we take it.  
For if we scold and fret all day,  
From dewy morn till even,  
This world will ne'er afford to man  
A foretaste here of heaven.

This world in truth's as good a world  
As e'er was known to any  
Who have not seen another yet,  
And there are very many;  
And if the men and women too,  
Have plenty of employment,  
Those surely must be hard to please  
Who cannot find enjoyment.

This world is quite a clever world,  
In rain or pleasant weather,  
If people would but learn to live  
In harmony together;  
Nor seek to burst the kindly bond  
By love and peace cemented,  
And learn that best of lessons yet,  
To always be contented.

Then were the world a pleasant world,  
And pleasant folks were in it,  
The day would pass most pleasantly  
To those who thus begin it;  
And all the nameless grievances  
Brought on by borrowed troubles,  
Would prove as certainly they are,  
A mass of empty bubbles!

From the New York Evening Post.

#### New Mode of treating Asphyxia.

Dr. Marshall Hall, an eminent London physician and an extensive medical writer, has just given to the world the result of a series of investigations on Asphyxia, or the suspended animation resulting from immersion in water, which are interesting in the highest degree; and if in the hands of others found to be effectual, it will revolutionize the entire method of treating persons found drowned.

The following are the rules adopted by the Royal Humane Society of London, for the relief of Asphyxia, and are the same as those in general use in humane societies elsewhere:

1. Convey the body carefully, with the head and shoulders supported in a raised position, to the nearest house.
2. Strip the body and rub it dry, then wrap it in hot blankets and place it in a warm bedchamber free from smoke.
3. Wipe and cleanse the mouth and nostrils.
4. In order to restore the natural warmth of the body, move a heated warming-pan over the spine; put hot bladders of water or heated bricks to the pit of the stomach, the arm-pits and soles of the feet; cover the body with hot flannels; rub the body briskly with the hand, and immerse it in a common bath at 100 degrees.
5. Volatile salts to be passed over the nostrils.
6. No more persons to be admitted than necessary.

To these rules Dr. Marshall Hall seriously objects, and with some show of reason. The suspended animation in the case of drowning arises from two distinct causes; first, a want of the air usually received in the process of respiration; and second, a retention of carbonic acid gas in the lungs, and its final permeation in the blood vessels. This permeation produces a poison capable of disorganizing the blood, and producing death from that cause alone.

In the practice of the Humane Society, which seeks to elevate the temperature of the body by hot blankets and hot applications, this permeation is greatly increased, and the injurious effects of carbonic acid gas facilitated. It is well known that the capacity of the human body to sustain a state of suspended animation is greatly increased by a temperature as low as fifty degrees, and is lessened by increasing this temperature. If animation is not speedily restored, by this or some other remedial application, the elevation of the temperature soon changes the case from one of apparent into real death.

Again, Dr. Hall objects to removing the patient to the nearest house, because it occupies valuable time, which should be employed in effectual restorative means; and also because, unless the weather is inclement, he is better off in the open air than in the more confined atmosphere of a dwelling.

When a person is recovered from the water in a state of suspended animation, the body is flaccid and cold, the respiration is suspended, and the entire functions of life appear to be at an end. The object of treatment is to attempt to restore the breathing process, and with the success of this will return the action of the other functions.

Dr. Hall has pointed out one impediment to the restoration of this function, which has hitherto escaped notice. This is the falling back of the tongue across the top of the glottis, or entrance into the windpipe. The first step in Dr. Hall's process is to remove this difficulty by placing the patient upon his face and breast, instead of his back as is usually done.

The body is then turned slowly upon its side, and returned as slowly to its first position upon the breast and face. This motion, whose effect is to cause a considerable amount of air in the lungs to be expelled and re-inspired, is to be kept up until breathing is restored, or all hopes of resuscitation from this source are abandoned.

"Nothing," says Dr. Hall, "can exceed the beauty of this life-giving, (if life can be given,) this breathing."

The high source from which they emanate, as well as their simplicity, renders these suggestions worthy of gave consideration, and we would earnestly recommend them to the attention of the members of our Humane Society.



## Order and Harmony of Heaven.

## LESSON XI.

All nature to me is unknown. Fragments are pieces,—livisions—which have fallen under my observation, and to which I have given untiring assiduity. The mechanism of the universe is too vast for my comprehension. I am yet but a finite being, limited in my powers of understanding, preferring rather to learn than to teach, to understand what I am than what I am to be; for what I am to be depends upon what I am and what I may acquire. But having this duty assigned me, it is both agreeable to me, and consistent with my progress, to teach you what I know, and to examine for myself what I do not know. So much remains to be learned, that it is neither wise nor prudent to forestall public judgment, concerning things not yet comprehensible by them.

The most beautiful epitome of nature—the most forcible and striking representation of the wisdom of Him who controls nature, discovered by any mind, consists in the order and harmony manifest in the planetary system. "Order," is said to be Heaven's first law, and I may add, it is Heaven's last law; for it is the first and the last, the beginning and the end of all wisdom. There are no deviations from order and harmony in the planetary world in their movements, no jarring discords, no collisions, no interference with each other; but all pursue their own way unmolested, as though each planet were intelligent and wise—ordering itself by a wisdom surpassing all human comprehension. Greatness is too insignificant a word to express the wisdom by which they are guided. Revolving ages have passed away, and no disorder has occurred; because wisdom controlled, attraction governed, and order prevailed.

But man, what is he? so great yet so little; so wise and yet so foolish; so knowing and yet so weak; the lord of earth and yet the worm of dust; the adored by inferior beings, and yet but insignificance in the scale of immensity. Oh, the consequence, the air of importance, the grasping thirst for power, when he already possesses more than he knows how to employ for his own and other's good! Oh, the emulation, the ambition, the ostentatious display, the decorations of fame, how magical, enchanting and bewitching! Like sorcerers they act upon man in his ignorance and weakness. Oh, how elated, how vain, how great, is this worm of dust, that rises not above earth, but hugs it with a passion idolatrous and ruinous.

Behold the wonders of man! The arts and the sciences, how they flourish; the steamboats and the railroads, with what rapidity do they convey; the ingenuity, the skill which his hands have displayed. The forms which he has made and fashioned evince power and wisdom, but all his works waste and decay. Earthly gratifications perish. Power united with wisdom develops skill, originates implements of utility, but they too perish; and the hands that have formed, and the minds that have originated implements of utility, pass away. The grave opens, and the earth receives its own.

Where now is the mind that contrived, and planned, and executed the work? Where the myriads once tenants of dust? Great cities, like great empires, sink into oblivion, and their memory is forgotten.—Like your ancestors of the fourth generation, whose names are sealed in obscurity, and whose graves afford no solace to the weeping, affectionate heart. My friends, has it occurred to you that, as is their destiny, their memory, their history, so yours will be to the fourth generation that succeeds you? Wealth, honor, ambition, fame, pride, and reputation, are things forgotten by those who are struggling to obtain these things. What you seek for, others have sought before you, and with like success; but, at length, they passed away, and are known no more. Weeping, mourning, sorrow, sadness, endureth but a moment, when other scenes and attractions interest the mind in a different direction. But there have been a few individuals, in every age, whose aspirations and desires were heavenward, and who, in their researches, received a wisdom which neither earth nor sense could corrupt, imperishable as the immutability of the spirits within you.

Presentiments, as some would say, of events have been foretold; inspiration, as others would express it, has opened the interior perceptions of the human understanding; impressions, as you term it, have been made, unfolding the reality of your immortal spirits, and the endless continuance of your conscious identity, soothing the heart into tranquility and joy, and preparing the mind for greater and greater satisfaction while in the form; so that, when its transition comes, it seems not like going into a foreign land to dwell with strangers, but like returning home to your father's house, where all your brothers and sisters and friends have convened to enjoy the everlasting affection which they cherish. Feeble are my words to convey an adequate idea of the felicities of such affinities, immutably and eternally linked together in sympathy's holy chain, smiling, rejoicing and enjoying each other's smile and affection.

I would that you might know the pleasure which is afforded by this meeting and greeting, in which there is no possibility of separation.—And that you may have some correct idea of the affinities which hold us in harmony, the circle to which I am attached, you will allow me to say, that no earthly congregation is a similitude equal to the illustration. The harmony which unites us is the harmony of the solar system; and when I speak to you, it is but the expression of every member belonging to the circle, or system, with which I am connected. I am but the finger; and yet what that finger realizes the whole body feels, and harmonizes with the expression. True, I am an individuality, and so is each member of the circle an individuality. Thus do all the members of the body constitute one body, so united that all realize and sympathize, and appreciate what each member feels.

Other circles sympathize and realize in like manner, but do not in like degree of wisdom, nor in like things. What is pleasant and agreeable to us, may be regarded by other minds valueless and even disagreeable. Having affinities unlike, each pursues its varied impulses and desires. It is unnecessary for me, this evening, to dwell further on this topic, because humanity in the form is but the exponent of spirits out of the form, being a diversity in their pursuits, tastes, pleasures, wants, they are launched into this sphere in that state of preparation, and find affinities congenial with their desires.

## Emperor Joseph's Prayer.

[Extracted from an old German work, entitled the Emperor Joseph's Prayer Book.]

"O, thou eternal and incomprehensible Being! who art the fountain of mercy and the source of love. Thy sun lights equally the Christian and the atheist: thy showers equally nourish the fields of the believers and the infidels; the seed of virtue is found even in the heart of the impious and the heretic. From Thee I learn, therefore, that diversity of opinion does not prevent Thee from being a beneficent Father to all mankind. Shall I then, thy feeble creature, be less indulgent? Shall I not permit my subjects to adore Thee in whatever manner they please? Shall I persecute those who differ from me in point of thinking? Shall I spread my religion with the point of my sword? O, Thou! whose mighty power and ineffable love embrace the universe, grant that such erroneous principles may never harbor in my breast!—I will try to be like Thee as far as human efforts can approach infinite perfection. I will be as indulgent as Thou, to all whose tenets differ from mine, and all unnatural compulsion in point of conscience shall be banished forever from my kingdom. Where is the religion that does not instruct us to love virtue and detest vice? Let all religions, therefore, be tolerated. Let all mankind pay their worship to Thee, thou eternal Being! in the manner they think best. Does an error in judgment deserve expulsion from society? And is force the proper way to win the heart, or bring the swerving mind to a true sense of religion? Let the shameful chains of religious tyranny be parted assunder, and the sweetest bonds of fraternal amity unite all my subjects forever. I am sensible that many difficulties will occur to me in this attempt, and that most of them will be thrown in my way by those very priests who style



themselves Thy ministers; but may the Almighty power never forsake me! O, Thou eternal and incomprehensible Being! fortify my holy resolutions with thy love that I may surmount every obstacle; and let that law of our Divine Master, which inculcates charity and patience, be always impressed in my heart."

#### AN ANNIVERSARY ORATION.

We have received from the publishers, ELLANWOOD & HILLS, N. Y., a pamphlet containing an oration, delivered on the 4th inst., by Dr. R. T. HALLOCK, in New York. It is so far from the usual strain of anniversary declaimers, charged with patriotism fresh from the brandy bottle, that we should be pleased to learn that it has a wide circulation.

Accompanying it are addresses delivered by S. B. BRITTAN, and others. To give an idea of it, we annex the publishers' preface:

The oration and proceedings herein presented to the public, contrast strongly with those usual to Fourth-of-July celebrations. Gunpowder and bad rum, with any amount of fulsome commendation of departed heroes and buried virtues, are the usual concomitants of such occasions. To the candid and thinking man, who opens his eyes to the gigantic wrongs that are perpetrated in the name of the Constitution and of Liberty, the spectacle is one calculated to awaken painful emotions and gloomy apprehensions. To see a nation engaged in an annual glorification of her illustrious dead, while in the history of all the intervening months her appointed rulers enter upon and execute a systemized conspiracy against human liberty, and all the most sacred principles of the Revolution, is a gross inconsistency and a painful exhibition of human passion. To glorify the illustrious dead in empty words, while we repudiate and trample into dust the very liberties they bled to establish, is not a work in which the philanthropist or the true patriot is willing to engage. How much better would it be, could we in our life, as a people, illustrate our attachment for the principles of liberty, instead of professing it with pompous words, while we repudiate it as a living fact.

We congratulate ourselves upon being able to present to the American people the masterly Oration which mainly occupies these pages.—It needs no commendation at our hands. It meets manfully the living issues of to-day, while as an intellectual effort it will rank among the very first productions of our time.

#### HYDROPHOBIA.

The following is said to be a notice put in all the papers of Paris every summer, by the committee of salubrity:

#### TRANSLATION.

1st. Any person bitten by a mad dog or any other animal, shall immediately press the wound all around it with the hands, so as to extract the blood and saliva which might be in it.

2nd. That person will then wash the wound with Alkali mixed with water, lemon juice, lye, soap, salt water, urine, or even pure water, if no other thing be at hand.

3d. During the operation of washing, let some one warm a piece of iron, but not red, and apply it to the wound deeply, so as to cauterize it.

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#### NEW BOOKS.

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Com. Perry's Expedition to Japan and the China Seas, \$5.  
A New Chapter in the Early Life of Washington, by John Pickell, \$1.25.  
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